

couple. One day Rob is inspired to bring home a rapidly dismembering corpse to surprise Betty with. This results in the Godawfullest menage-a-trois I've ever seen. Things go from bad to worse (for both the viewers as well as the characters) as Rob loses his job and Betty runs off with the corpse. Rob is reduced to picking up prostitutes (no luck with them till he accidentally kills one at a graveyard). He finally realizes the ultimate sexual climax would be to commit suicide at the point of ecstasy, thus he comes and goes at the same time.

Director Jorg Buttgereit never flinches when it comes to the grossout. He kills rabbits and cats with abandon reminding us that there's a little bit of Umberto Lenzi in every filmmaker (well, maybe not Spielberg). The film's most unique scene involves Betty, a decaying corpse, a broom handle and a condom (you don't want to know the details!). SFX are poor but with his budget, I doubt too many folks could do much better. It's a visceral experience that will most likely propel Buttgereit onto bigger and hopefully better things. This film is available from Donald Farmer's MONDO VIDEO, 154 BIG SPRING CIRCLE, COOKEVILLE, TN 38501.

ETC will not only feature reviews but also print articles on folks in front of and behind the cameras. I'm pleased that horror author Dale Pierce (he's also had a couple of articles in DEEP RED) has submitted the following on Spanish actress Diana Concha.

While her name and face may not be among the best known to the United States audience, Diana Concha has spent some 10 years in cinema and has easily become recognized as one of the "screen queens" of Spanish horror films, as well as other work. Presently making her home in Barcelona, she is best known for her work under the direction of Ignacio Iguino. Most recently, however, she has been active in stage work rather than cinema, in the theatrical presentation of *Delicias Y Tormentos De La Carne* (Delights & Tortures Of The Flesh). She has done added work as a model as well.

Of her horror films, Concha is best known for her role in Iguino's *SECTA SINISTRA*, a film about secret cults, witchcraft, madness and murder. Used before in an earlier Iguino film, *RELAX ATRACO*, she was given a major role as the protagonist in this particular screen fest, which for the time, was considered to be quite overviolent and sensual (the film was released in Spain's "lame period" as far as violence, sex, and special effects were concerned, long before *BLUES*, *PIECES*, etc...). *SECTA SINISTRA* is just one of her standout roles, however, for she also played in *CIRCULO MORTAL* (DEADLY CIRCLE), with Ovidi Montllor, under the direction of Manuel Esteban, where again she played a beautiful protagonist.

Other film roles for Diana Concha include *VECTORIA II* (Antonio Nivas, director), *ENTRE PARENTESIS* (Simon Fabregas, director), *MI ETE Y EL OTO* (Manuel Esteban, director), *UNA ROSA AL VIENTO*

(Miguel Iglesias, director) and LA VIUDA VALENCIANA (Paco Reguero, director). Theatrical presentations include No Feu Dromes Amb L'Amor, La Balada Del Gran Macabra, tres Mujeres Para El Diablo (a theatrical horror presentation), L'Inocencia Jau Al Sot, Juicio Contra Un Cura, El Enemigo Del Pueblo and the aforementioned Delicias Y ... For Television, she has made a big change of pace, working on children oriented programs, Fee-Flash and Diana Mello, plus several adult-oriented dramatizations as well. Although branded a star in horror films, she is far more versatile, as can be seen here.

In her educational career, Diana spent five years studying voice (diction, projection, etc), spent three years as the Escuela Superior Del Instituto Del Teatro De Barcelona, studying drama, and added studies at the Compania Del Instituto Del Teatro in the same city. She also studied dance for good measure.

Naturally Diana Conca's exposure to the American audience has been limited, but with the increasing number of European films being released on video, this might change. Still young and ambitious, she could have quite a career ahead of her, in both the world of horror films and in other roles. This dark-haired beauty is definitely someone to keep an eye on...which with her looks...is an easy thing to do.

There are very few contemporary film critics I truly admire. Tim Lucas is one of them. And son-of-a-bitch if he isn't up next with a review of Jesus Franco's SEXY SISTERS. Tim has graciously allowed me to reprint this discussion of the film from a "work in progress" book on Franco called HORRORICAL: THE SEX SCREAM OF JESUS FRANCO. This is copyrighted 1989 by Tim Lucas. I remember Tim's writings all the way back in the early days of Heavy Metal magazine. Even then I noticed Tim seemed to write about the types of films I was most interested in. For me Tim's best work was done for the long defunct magazine VIDEOTIMES/VIDEO MOVIES. As much shit as I give Fangoria and Gorezone, I have to give a lot of credit to editor Tony Tinopone for reviving Tim's Video watch dog column. I also never thought I would see the day when Jesus Franco would receive coverage in a Starlog PUBLICATION. This is getting a bit long-winded but a special thanks goes out to Tim for his help and support of ETC.



SYNOPSIS

While attending an exhibition of erotic performance art, Joe accepts a frankly sexual invitation from Edie. Foreplay at her seaside villa leads to the unexpected-- Joe is urged to make love to Edie's younger sister, Millie, a dangerous nymphomaniac kept manacled to a bed behind bars in the boudoir. Joe satisfies Millie as no man ever has, under the voyeuristic gaze of masturbating Edie, and Millie falls in love. When Joe leaves, Dr. Barnes arrives to administer a relaxant to Millie. In truth, the drug encourages erotic hallucinations; Barnes is working with Edie (and her maid/lover Sara) to drive Millie insane, so they may share the fortune Edie will inherit from her stepfather's estate if Millie is deemed medically incompetent. Barnes, we learn, is actually in cahoots with nurse Maria and plans to betray Edie and escape with the inheritance. To traumatize the unwitting heiress completely, Edie hires an old lover, Tom, to couple with Millie and feign a heart attack from sexual overstimulation, after which his "corpse" reanimates to rape her. Joe realizes that he loves Millie and returns to the villa, where he observes Edie paying "the dead man" for his services. Joe sneaks inside the villa and convinces Millie of her sanity. Edie loses everything, as Millie leaves with Joe, and Sara, Maria and Barnes drive their separate ways.

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An erotic twist on Clouzot's *LES DIABOLIQUES*, *SEXY SISTERS* overcomes any derivative debts and holds its own as a small, perverse gem in the Franco catalogue. Here we find Franco coupled with that rare scenario in which an endless grind of exploitive situations actually serves to deepen characterization. His direction, so often campy, perfunctory or even absent-minded in his sex films, seems to be particularly conscious, alert and clever here.

The film is engagingly constructed, unfolding as a chain of kinky surprises: Edie's crude, verbal seduction of the quietly predatory Joe, who is surprisingly recruited in the final reels as Millie's heroic saviour; the introduction of Millie, whose nymphomania is chemically perpetuated; the gradual removal of Barnes' many masks, his true self finally shown on a theatrical poster featuring him as the wry-faced figurehead of a "Compagnie de Comedie"; and, best of all, the long, expertly handled sequence of Millie's lesbian liaison with Maria on the beach, which is gradually unmasked as the first of Millie's erotic hallucinations, and makes the film's introduction of the real Maria -- a cold-blooded villainess in league with Barnes -- all the more awful and claustrophobic.

Millie mentions early in the film that her nymphomania began with an event in her childhood, which occurred while she was spying on edie's lovemaking. we later witness the specific moment, as a 13 year-old Millie is discovered hiding under the squeaking springs

and raped by Edie's lover. Franco ingeniously cast an (uncredited) actor in this crucial role, who shares actress Karine Gambler's trademark platinum-blond hair color; this touch makes it impossible for viewers to see Gambler, as they often will and in great detail, without remembering the details of her character's trauma.

In another arresting touch, a poster of two black kittens (actually a double image of the same animal, arranged side by side) appears on Millie's bedroom wall, and its identification with the two sisters is perfect and immediate. In a later scene, Barnes and Maria are shown whispering about Millie, in a room with a poster of a SINGLE kitten on the wall; in terms of composition, the poster is framed between the two deceivers, visually signalling the viewer that Millie is screwdropping.

These uncharacteristic, serpentine twists are also manifest in the dubbed English dialogue. To take the most haunting example: early on, when the imperious Edie orders Sara to undress her and her companion, the maid is instructed by Edie to "leave my stockings on -- I'm a lady after all." As Sara moves to strip Joe, Edie adds, "Take his stockings off -- he's a gentleman, after all."

Unfortunately, for such an intellectually stimulating confection, *SEXY SISTERS* is too often spoiled by an intrusive spirit of misogyny. A sequence in which Edie relocates and hires her former lover for a repeat performance of Millie's deflowering is scored with frivolous music, playing the scene as an offensively bit of cheap amusement and utterly ruining what might have been a moment of horrifying darkness, fully on a par with the most disturbing seductions of *99 WOMEN* (1968,NTA VIDEO).

Pamela Stanford contributes more presence than performance to the role of Edie, who (like many of Franco's female leads, particularly Janina Raymond in *SUCCUBUS*) is occasionally addressed by gentlemen admirers as "the Countess." Well beyond her prime, Stanford's pasty makeup and overdone false lashes might have been applied by a home sick mortician. Karina Gambler, on the other hand, does a fine job of suggesting the feared, medical reality of nymphomania -- not the simplified version commonly encountered in sex films -- and her post goes beyond the call of mere allure to communicate a believable measure of woundedness.

Erwin C.Dietrich's talented production team -- with whom Franco worked on tons of films, most famously *JACK THE RIPPERS* (1975,VESTRON) -- give the film an attractive look, with Peter Baumgartner's cinematography once again earning special credit for disguising a meager budget.

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If you were a fan of the late great fanzine *DEMONIQUE* by Barry Kaufman, this next reviewer's name might ring a bell. Michael Secula wrote one of the first and to this day definitive essays on Spanish and Mexican Horror films. Michael dropped out of

sight but thanks to Tim Lucas I was able to cover him out of "retirement" to appear in this first issue of ETC.

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SEVEN GOLDEN WOMEN AGAINST TWO OY (TREASURE HUNT)

aka SETTE DONNE D'ORO CONTRO DUE OY (1963)

Directed by ? Reviewed by Michael Secale

I would be hard put to come up with a film better suited than this one for consideration in a 'sine calling itself "European Trash Queens". Two dozen years old it may be, but the stench of this trash has only grown more pungent with the passage of time; like finely aged Lisburger. The credits themselves, playing as they do beneath a breathy love song in French ("The words are by Mickey Hargitay" we are informed), give every indication of the absurdity that awaits us. From the verbose title, to the as-much-as-Freudian-slip as an ill-advised abbreviation of "Ass. Producer", to the equally long-winded and intriguingly meaningless "Subject direction editing production and interpretation: Vincent Gashino" (which by the way is as close as this film ever gets to a Director's credit per se), anyone who hasn't already changed the channel should by now have figured out that they are in for a real treat.

The picture opens with a chase scene to the accompaniment of a bastardized rendition of the old PETER GUNN theme song by Henry Mancini (they changed a couple of notes, okay?). A whiskered, pipe-smoking gent carrying a painting under his arm is being pursued by two thugs. At one point they lose him, whereupon a good-looking blonde in a white sports car pulls up, calls them a pair of idiots, and apparently turns on her headlights (even though the scene takes place in broad daylight) revealing the lone figure standing on the bridge ahead of them. A fight ensues, only to be broken up by the arrival of Mickey Hargitay who knocks one of the thugs off the bridge and into the river below, and sends the other one running. We cut immediately to a scene of the gent with the painting entering his room where he finds the aforementioned blonde already there, lounging invitingly on his sofa. Her attempted seduction is met with resistance -- "Kissing's not hygienic", he says -- but it's just as well since a moment later Mickey Hargitay walks in to interrupt things anyway. "My name is Mark Day, and I'm an American", says Mickey, identifying himself as the hero. The blonde girl is named Marie Du Font, and the guy with the painting introduces himself as "Berbie Sam"...at least that's what it sounds like. As for what they all have in common; well you see, they're all art collectors.

The object of their mutual search is a painting by Goya which is purportedly being offered for auction at a flea market in Rome. This bit of news, as all stories of especially good bargains at Italian flea markets are wont to do, is reported in the international press, sending a half-dozen new east seaboard scurrying off to Rome. The Goya is reputed to have been part of Adolf Hitler's art collection which was smuggled off to South America by Martin Bormann. What's more, it contains a secret map revealing the whereabouts of a hidden Nazi treasure. Now! In order to complicate the already sordid plot, everyone in turn buys a Goya from the disreputable art dealer in a prolonged and wordless scene which borders on the hypnotic, while Marie's and Berbie Sam's henchmen eavesdrop. Following that, the thugs steal all the paintings,

and the director (Excuse me; the "Subject direction editing production and interpretation guy") loose all control over his story. Stuff just happens. Competing groups hide their Goya's on mountaintops and behind waterfalls for no apparent reason...The women put on bikinis and have a point fight...Everyone goes to a castle and some of them get hit on the head...In a rock quarry, they encounter a group of gun-saugglers led by a Mondo Hatton lookalike, and Mondo asks the girls strip "so you won't try any funny business";but unfortunately, Mickey arrives to interrupt things again. Stupidity occurs on an almost subliminal level, as when Marie cautions two of her thugs to hide because someone is about to enter the room; one of them strolls off-camera, while the other just backs up a few steps and squats on the floor. Eventually though, a treasure is found.. Not Miller's stash, just some ancient Roman stuff. In what at first sight appear to be a surprised ending of some sort, the art dealer reveals the following: "I painted the Goya's! I am Martin Borman!", but this revelation turns out to be as irrelevant as the rest of the plot. Like I said, stuff just happens. None of it makes very much sense. After a cat fight involving a lot of torn clothing, Mickey and Barbie Ken assault the girls with a pair of bellows', and the picture at last ends, as it began, with a chase scene. To be fair, this is supposed to be a comedy, but the humorous qualities are of the unintentional variety. As for what exactly are the seven golden women of the title, I am not about to spoil the only element of suspense in the film.

I'm embarrassed to admit how many times I've watched this thing, yet I still have only the vaguest idea of what's going on at any given point. SEVEN GOLDEN WOMEN is highly reminiscent of Jean Franco's KISS ME MONSTER in the way it simply throws new characters and situations into the stew with not even a hint of an explanation. While Franco aficionados may wish to expound on the daring director's irreverent approach to the conventions of cohesive storytelling and cinematic continuity (Just kidding, Tim!), I am prepared to go out on a limb and suggest that Cashino's film is nothing more than a hastily slapped-together piece of Italo mumbo jumbo, not to mention Mickey Margitay's worst movie. Highly recommended for your viewing pleasure; plus, appearing as it does as part of the syndicated "Snicker Theatre" television package, it's absolutely free! No rental rip-off here... You need only spend two hours of your life.



The next review is by Jeff Gung, a prolific letter hack and is responsible for locating many rare foreign videos (such as this next film, SOLO ANTE EL TERROR, WOMEN IN CELL BLOCK 9 and others. Jeff is currently recovering from heart surgery and will return ASAP with more reviews.

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IL MIELE DEL DIAVOLO (1987) VIDEO ATLANTIS  
DIRECTED BY LUCIO FULCI REVIEWED BY JEFF GUNG

Despite recommendations to avoid this film at all costs, also known as THE DEVIL'S HONEY, I had to see what Fulci could do saddled with an "erotic drama" type plot (the label description on the Italian language video box), having already been thoroughly disgusted and delightfully entertained by all of his horror gore-filled films. Surprisingly enough, this turned out to be a damn good film.

The film begins with a saxophonist who's recording an album bringing his girlfriend to an orgasm with his horn, literally! How's that for an opening? The film proceeds along as the musician, named Gastano (played by Stefano Maderia, a souzy Mickey O' Hourke lookalike) and the young woman, Cecilia (stunningly and sensually portrayed by Bianci Marillach, Cristina (OPERA) M's sister) engage in numerous sexual acts--some dangerous, some kinky, sadomasochistic but always steamy and exciting to watch. at the same time we're introduced to a surgeon named Comenici (Bratt HalacyIII) who's having marital problems with his wife (Corinne Clery) and as a result, engages the services of a prostitute, one who in a highly erotic scene uses her fingernail polish brush in a most unusual way. Unfortunately the doctor is unable to concentrate while he's operating on Gastano, who previously in the film fainted from a head crash off his motorcycle, and so loses his patient. Cecilia goes off the deep end as she experiences unbearable grief while watching a home movie of her dead lover practically raping her, and after leaving notes and making calls finally kidnaps Comenici at gunpoint forcing him to become her B&M slave. The rest of the film shows Cecilia in her deteriorated state of mind abusing her captive in various forms (ie dripping candle wax on his back and dragging him chained by the neck along the screen) to the film's unusual conclusion.

First of all, the beautiful main sex theme by Claudio Nelli is fantastic. Seductive and heard throughout the film -- even later on when the demanted girl innocently and coquettishly hums the song after going into a fit of rage and taking an axe and destroying the doctor's car. This scene, where she's crazy and violent one minute, then suddenly becomes passive and fragile the next is as potent and horrifying as a standard horror film graphically showing an axe to someone's skull.Nice photography of Venice canals and gondolas, and of Marillach - often nude. Several times the camera shifts off to the side as Cecilia thinks back to one of her past sexual escapades with Gastano, who would get her to perform various bizarre acts (imagine a revolver used as a vibrator and you've got the picture). Obviously in her

mania, she switches roles from masochist to sadist when she seduces the doctor. Having seen only the Italian language version, I hope an English dubbed one surfaces in the future, as perhaps the dialogue will reveal insights into the characters (but then, this IS a Fulci film??) But even without, the movie is extremely entertaining and compelling to watch.

Sure, Fulci's zombies, gut munchings and eye gougings will always be nearest and dearest to his legion of fans, but this portrayal of insatiable torrid love/hust turned to tragic, obsessive mania is a terrific ball-busting alternative. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

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A lot of folks complain to me that hearing about all these films are great but they doubt they'll ever be able to see them. If you live in an area where Spanish language videos are rented (look under VIDEO in the Yellow pages) check those places out. I've found such rarities as the great TENERIFE, Bava's LISA AND THE DEVIL, Luigi Cozzi's THE KILLER STRIKES AGAIN, Umberto Lenzi's FROM BRINKLYN TO CORLEONE, Jesus Franco films such as FURIA EN EL TRAFICO, SANGRE EN SUS LABIOS and SOLO ANTE EL TERROR and lots more. If you have access to Spanish language TV you could have copies of Riccardo Frasca's TOROHA WITH A TONGUE OF FIRE, Fulci's BEATRICE CENCI, and Bava's 5 DOLLS FOR AN AUGUST MOON. If none of these options are available then here's something everyone can do. There's a video label in NewYork called DIM VIDEO. They have a huge catalog of Italian language videos and their titles sell for \$19.95. Now you can have quality copies of such rarities as Fulci's MURDERER on how about the 111 minute version of Dario Argento's PROFUNDO ROSSO. These are high quality pre-records and not 2nd generation dopes. For a copy of their catalog (sent UPS) call 1-718-821-0990. As you slowly build up your collection, the next step is to branch out and trade with other people thru the mails. In that regard, I'll reserve a section of ETC which folks can use to seek out their favorite films. I'll gladly use my resources to help track down any and all rare titles. If you see a title on tape or TV that you feel the ownership of ETC should know about send it to me so I can make my readers aware of its existence. The point of ETC is to expose people to films they would not normally get a chance to see. I want to expand people's horizons not narrow them. There's an outfit that advertises in various video magazines called Video Finders, who for a certain fee will supposedly track down titles and tell you if they exist on video. If you're looking for Euro-horror don't bother with these people as they don't know an Umberto Lenzi from a Lucio Fulci. Ask me instead and I guarantee to at least respond. That seems to be too much to expect from Video Finders.

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The latest issue of Psycho Video is out and it's yet another well written opinionated video review zine. The brainchild of Gary Lesley, the PVI covers PARTIALINE, BEASTIES AND THE BEAST, FUTURE HUNTERS, SHAME DANCER, SLIPPING INTO DARKNESS, and 12 other titles. (the year 16 issues) subs are available from Gary at Box 7133, Federal Way, WA 98003. Do Not Send Checks. Money orders only. \$6.00

ALMOST HUMAN (1977) PRISM VIDEO ASSAULT WITH A DEADLY WEAPON  
ADVENTURE VIDEO BOTH DIRECTED BY UMBERTO LENZI  
ORIGINAL TITLES MILANO ODDO & ROMA A MANO ARMATA  
REVIEWS BY DAVID WALKER

Umberto (CANNIBAL FRENCH) Lenzi's spaghetti crime thrillers are a breed apart from his horror films. One difference is, these crime flicks go right on the plot; plenty of action and violence, but no gore. That's alright, though, because these movies don't need gross-out scenes in order to maintain interest; they hold together pretty well in their own right. ALMOST HUMAN and ASSAULT WITH A DEADLY WEAPON have an overall competence and

thematic coherence that Lenzi's horror pictures seem to lack, suggesting that Bert is most at home with crime potboilers in the DIRTY HARRY mold.



ALMOST HUMAN and ASSAULT make good companion pieces. They share some cast members, certain oddball details, even some of the exact same car chase footage--and both are right wing polemics with similar plotlines. ALMOST HUMAN, which by the way was fraudulently promoted as an ALIEN ripoff(!) by Joseph Brenner Associates, is the story of a remorseless, out-of-control scoundrick criminal (Tomás Milán) and the hard tied police inspector (Henry Silva) intent on apprehending and --importantly-- punishing him despite the infuriating leniency of the liberal

justice system. ASSAULT WITH A DEADLY WEAPON is the story of a hunchbacked scoundrick criminal (Tomás Milán again) and the REALLY obsessed, abusive, hard tied inspector (the late Maurizio Merli) intent on...well, you get the picture. ALMOST HUMAN focuses more on the scoundrick, while ASSAULT focuses more on the cop, but the basic thrust is the same: death to the scum. As sure as this right-wing ideology presents a hopeless view of humanity and plays upon the worst impulses of the viewer, it is what gives the films much of their vitality. You get the feeling Lenzi really believes this shit; the films are nothing more than intense cops-and-robbers action pap, but they "work" because Lenzi's enthusiasm for the political message infuses them with a sort of exclamatory single-mindedness and gusto. (I don't recall the Lenzi horror films I've seen--DIE SLOWLY and GHOSTHOUSE--having any particular ideology or gusto). It all tends toward a comic book test: exclamation points abound; numerous whoops zooms into people's faces, campy emphatic razzmatazz theme music, blunt symbolism (such as having one particular "almost human" scoundrick meet his end on top of a garbage heap), and some over the top lead performances. I find Tomás Milán an interesting choice for

the lead public enemy in each film. A Cuban actor who has made countless spaghetti westerns (the infamous *DJANGO KILL*) and is still active today, Milian is the most naturally uncouth screen villain I've seen. A skinny lip-pursing gargoyle given to mouthful boorish vulgarities like, "When I get your daddy's money, I'm gonna wash my hot dog in champagne every single evening," this not untalented actor seems selfishness, sadism and severe stumminess. As Milian's nemesis in *ALMOST HUMAN*, Henry Silva works up a lot of steam, and in the role of the lead cop in *ASSAULT*, Maurizio Merli is so unpleasantly obsessive at times--and rightfully so--that he singlehandedly comes close to subverting the film's intended right wing message.

One remaining feature of these pics demands comment, and that is their "Italianness," i.e. curious and often nasty touches that seem particularly Italian and give the films an edge. I detect Italianness in *ALMOST HUMAN* when the innoscent death spread of a gun-downed old woman reveals she is wearing a garter belt under her robe. And in *ASSAULT* when Milian's hunchback character spitefully pisses all over the bathroom floor at police headquarters while muttering "I piss on your floor" or some/such. I was particularly impressed when the cop in *ASSAULT* made the hunchback swallow a bullet, then doubly impressed when the hunchback later shot the bullet out and vowed to use it on the cop. Pretty wild--I can't imagine an American flick getting that scatological where cops and robbers

#### MAURIZIO MERLI

Maurizio Merli, 49, actor who played the lead in the Italian movie "Carabala," died March 10 in Rome after suffering a heart attack while playing tennis.

are concerned--and you gotta admit, it ain't a bad metaphor for the circularity of violence. If you're into all categories of Italian genre filmmaking, or if you're interested in Umberto Lenzi's career, you ought to scope out the Action section for these titles.

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And so ends the first issue of ETC. Next issue will be back to the 8 page format and I may or may not publish this thing monthly. It depends on several factors as work has picked up, thus resulting in my travelling a lot more and my 2 daughters definitely keep me busy. But don't panic, ETC will be an ongoing effort that will continue on for some time. Coming up in future issues: VIDEO RIPOFFS, reviews of *THE HOLY MOUNTAIN*, *LES DAMOISQUES*, *TOMB OF TORTURE*, *TERROR CREATURES FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE*, *EXOTIC NITES OF THE LIVING DEAD*, *WARRIORS OF THE APOCALYPSE*, *NOTHING UNDERNEATH*, *PHANTOM OF DEATH*, *SOLO ANTE EL TERROR*, *SEXY CAT*, *RETURN OF THE EVIL DEAD*, *THE DEVIL'S POSSESSION*, *THE SLASHER IS A SEX MANIAC*, *BODY COUNT* and more!

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